

FOR THE RECORD-UNION.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

[December 4, 1881—June 29, 1885.]
In the midst of the wind and the darkness,
Through the only window in the extreme,
A fair little child came down to earth,
And the summer brought again.

In his eyes were the summer beams,
And his hair was the sunshine warm,
And the heart that he held in his grasp
Forgot the winter storm.

On the days and the months sped swiftly,
And each with a new-found grace,
Left its loving touch on the baby form,
And brightened the winter days.

And the delicate lips soon parted,
And the childish eyes so clear
Broke in upon unchildish language,
And the words that were firm and strong.

With his shy little face all hidden,
He sang us many a song;
He chose his friends, and held them fast,
By ties that were firm and strong.

And on the long day ended,
He climbed to his father's breast,
Or sheltered safe by the mother-love,
Drooping his little head in rest.

Or the words of his wise child-musings
Fell soft on their listening ears,
Till they clasped him close in their loving arms,
And kissed him to hide their tears.

But once, when the long day ended,
He floated the valley with light,
He closed his eyes in the peaceful sleep,
And he was taken—beyond our sight.

And June still flooded the valley
With her sunshine, ruddy and warm,
But the heart of the mother-love
Felt only the winter storm.

Still in vain must we wait for the music
Of the voice that we hear no more,
For the bright little life in the wind,
For the quiet little form at the door.

Still the least of his playthings is treasured,
And his hat and his baby shoes,
Are worn with the passion of love,
And stand where the tears drop fall.

Still time brings its manifold changes,
Brings sorrow, and loss, and we,
But his heart never broke with the anguish
That the heart of the living knew.

For he rests where the flowers bend softly,
And the butterflies flit and dance,
Through the peaceful, sunny day,
There the sensitive lips never tremble:

No tears dim the eyes that were so clear,
No sigh can stir the loving heart,
No sorrow can wither and blight,
If we could, would we dare to recall him?

We leave him, and let the angels sing,
But the heart that he held in his grasp
Is there with him still—neither dead,
Nor yet a memory of the past.

ASHTON WEEKS.
MARRIED THE BUTLER'S BROTHER.

Mr. Peleg V. Atkinson was a good man,
and if he had been a poor man he would
have been a happy one. But unfortunately
he was rich and had gone to Europe—as
that amiable Sir Lepel Griffin once said—to
finish an education that had never been
begun at home.

Peleg V. Atkinson, without the "Mr.,"
which, in obedience to what he was assured
was a New York custom, he always had
engraved on his cards, was worth much at
the foot of a check. It was a great name
in the Philadelphia marts of trade. Third
street knew and honored it, and it was not
unknown in Wall street. As I said, he was
rich; he had "skipped the cream of Eu-

rope," as he phrased it, and he had ex-

hausted all the pleasures that could be had
from drinking sauterne at luncheon, when
he preferred beer or ice water, and of mak-

ing a collection of modern French pictures,
he had a Corot and a Meissonier, and a
few others of the same artist's work. He

talked of his pictures as "examples." He
had orchids, a cellar of good wine, and two
pretty daughters, and yet he was not hap-

py, because Mrs. Peleg V. Atkinson was
not happy.

It is not easy for people accustomed to
the pleasures of being well-to-do to bear
the weight of riches. When I first knew
the Atkinsons they were thoroughly con-

tented. They drank liquor, and they were
chase, they dined at noon, and corned beef
and cabbage was a delight to them. On hot

days Mr. Atkinson threw off his coat after
dinner, stuck a pipe in his mouth, and sat
in the back door, and he had a cigar, and

Clarissa and Jennie played "Listen to the
Mocking Bird" or "Silvery Waves," by way
of refreshing him before he went down to

the office, and he was a happy man. On
week days he went to the office, and he was
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you," he said, sinking back in his seat;
"I dislike people, and it's hard for me."

I looked at him in surprise. Mr. Atkin-

son's manner to his employees at the fac-

tory was in the extreme; too much so, I thought. What had wrought
this softness?

"Isn't that his name a servant?"

"Mr. Atkinson started, as if afraid that
some one would hear him. 'He's the but-

ler, you know. He does pretty much what
he pleases, though. Sometimes he

wants to drive, and come to the office. I
let him. Mr. Atkinson imported him. He is very

expensive, but he keeps us up to the mark,
you know. He knows everything that the
world does. Between ourselves I wish I

was that. I'm not fit for this sort of thing.
I nearly disgraced myself yesterday when
we had ex-Governor Jim Jones to dine

with us by asking for beer with the soup.
Mary Ann—Mrs. Atkinson—would have
fainted if Ludovic had not brought the

sherry and pretended not to have under-

stood me. Home," Mr. Atkinson called
as Ludovic climbed on to the box.

"Yes," my old friend continued, "Ludo-

vich is a great treasure. He said this in the
tone in which one speaks of being re-

spectful. He is a great treasure. He said this in the
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until Ludovic entered with the wine-

cooler. He smiled in his usual haughty
way. When his eye fell on Sir Boyle his

face changed.

"Mother of Moses!" he whispered, drop-

ping the apparatus he brought in with a
crash.

Sir Boyle looked up from his plate.

"Ludovic," he exclaimed, "And when did you come over?" He forgot etic-

ally, Ludovic's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "I thought
to find you again. Sure when I went

away from the old cabin you were a bit
of a boy, and so the mother's dear!

I heard that, though I lost track of you
entirely. And me dear little brother!

Eddie's come back to me—thank God! the
only one of me blood I have in the world!"

It was an odd scene. "Sir Boyle," in his
evening suit, and Ludovic standing in the

attitude of a Medea about to murder her
children. Nobody spoke. Mr. Atkinson

gazed down a glass of champagne.

"Sir Boyle," his eyes moist, turned to
Mr. Atkinson.

"This is my only brother, Mr. Atkin-

son. Owing to the circumstances very common
in Ireland, he left us when I was a small

child, and he has been the best of the
chances in your country."

"I hear you've been making sheep's
eyes at Miss Clara there," interrupted Lu-

dovic. "What a nice girl! Miss Clara is
a beauty. I like her. I like her. I like her."

He added, looking the young man up to the
young lady, with a sweeping paternal

gesture. "She's the best of 'em," he
addressed me in a low tone of whisper.

"I wish the boy had looked higher up
in society."

Both Mrs. Atkinson and Ludovic look
on the marriage as a shocking mistake. "We

must get out of this country. A nice con-

dition of republican simplicity when one's
butler's brother can marry one's daughter."

The Hon. George W. Murphy, who is
one known as the "champion bartender

of Oshkosh." He agreed that it was dread-

ful. Ludovic passed into another family;
Ludovic passed into another family;

The last I heard of the Atkinsons was
the report that Mr. Atkinson had bought a

castle in Italy with an estate of five acres,
and had named it after his wife, the Countess

of Monte Spaghetti e di Rosa. Still, I fancy
that the new Countess of Spaghetti e di

Monte Rosa is still unhappy because she is
rich, and she is not used to it.

And "Parker" is a bit of a place for the
loss of the loss of his butler. "Philadel-

phia Press.

He heard the Chime of a Tiny Bell.

A man who had been of the chestnut-

tree and never saw a type-writer went into
a law office in this city yesterday to consult

with his attorney on a matter of business.
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tree and never saw a type-writer went into
a law office in this city yesterday to consult

with his attorney on a matter of business.
A man who had been of the chestnut-

love not the time when rough autumn dis-

clothes. The dream that summer held him in his breast.
The fragrance that sleep 'midst the leaves of the

He started away o'er the blue hills' dim
crest;

And the wild breezes sob o'er a small nest half-
shattered.

The bird was concealed in the creeper-
decked wall;

But the mother-bird died, and the young ones
are scattered.

And o'er the grass border the withered leaves
are scattered.

Soft, still in the morning the dew gleams
creeping.

And the thrush sang willow for ever in weep-
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